

Strange Territory

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33296695) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33296695>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Making Out , Friends to Lovers , thigh riding , Grinding , Embarrassment , Cargo Pants , Flustered GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Getting Together , Developing Relationship , Thighs , Masturbation , thigh grinding
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , FAV BOOKS !! , scrumdiddlyumptious
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-16 Words: 5104

Strange Territory

by [venus43](#)

Summary

He's not staring per say, but now that he's seen it once in a barely there picture, George can't help himself from sneaking a glance or two whenever Dream walks past, looking at his thighs and his legs with thinly veiled confusion, trying to figure out if it's just the photo or Dream really wears things like that on the regular.

or, dream posts a picture of himself in cargo pants and george realises that they're not just friends

Notes

new fic !! i feel like i havent posted a oneshot in forever so here's a short little thigh riding thing based off of the photo that Dream posted the other day,, hope you enjoy !!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

At first, George thinks that the cargo pants are a bit much.

He's barely been in America for a week, not even had the time to settle in properly before Sapnap fucks off to hang out with Karl on the other end of the country and Dream starts to cause a bit of

trouble online. And usually, George can understand how the other guys' minds work but still, it's his first few days in Florida, surely George deserves a little attention too.

Although George does have to admit that the pants at least make Dream look good—they're tight in the right places and have pockets running down the sides, and in all honesty George doesn't even know when Dream bought them because they're at least half a size too small—the material needing to stretch when he sits and force his thighs to push out, creating little lines that George knows he shouldn't be staring at.

Seeing the photos for the first time was weird to say the least, it's not as though George had been expecting one of the most private people in his life to suddenly decide to post a full body photo on the internet for thousands upon thousands of people to see. But George thinks he can understand it—Dream has always liked attention, George has too.

Still, the photo was different. It's not just a quick pan of new merch, or a zoomed in clip of Dream's hair—no—this is something new.

So George saved it. He screenshotted the photo and tried not to think about who took it for Dream, because it certainly wasn't him and it definitely wasn't Sapnap, but at the back of his mind there's a constant, pulling thought that drags him down into thoughts that he shouldn't really be exploring.

It's never really been a secret that George is into guys, he's been out long enough to have dated a few people he regrets, and he's always been open with himself and his friends about what he likes and who he's into, but Dream should never have crossed into those thoughts. Because Dream is Dream, he's the tall, openly bisexual American that George should only be viewing as a friend—even if said friend is admittedly extremely attractive and his usual type.

Knowing Dream is hard though, because maybe the cargo pants aren't the only thing that's sent George down this spiral, maybe he's been harbouring the same desires for what feels like years, because even if they're just meant to be friends, George isn't oblivious to the way that Dream hangs off of his every word, stares at him and the way he speaks when they eat together in the afternoons.

And it's strange territory, because George doesn't want to ruin anything and Dream doesn't seem to want to take the first step either, so they stay like that—just friends, but undeniably attracted to each other.

Normally, George would have a bit more self respect though.

He's not staring per say, but now that he's seen it once in a barely there picture, George can't help himself from sneaking a glance or two whenever Dream walks past, looking at his thighs and his legs with thinly veiled confusion, trying to figure out if it's just the photo or Dream really wears things like that on the regular.

But the cargo pants don't seem to appear again (no matter how much George wants them to), and in the end George tacks it up to a dumb plan to make twitter go wild and not an actual regularly used item in Dream's closet. So to deal with it all, he makes do with the picture—he has to, because it's not as though he could just mention his newfound fascination in casual conversation, no, he can keep his thoughts secret.

The photo stays on a tab on George's monitor; not always open but always accessible, and by now he doesn't have too much of an excuse for what he's doing because it's obvious that all he's staring at is the way that Dream's thighs are pulled against the material while he lies in a completely inviting pose that makes George half-wish that he could just crawl into the others lap

right then and there. And to make his case worse, maybe he's stretched the photo out a little too, made the contrast a bit more so that he can see the way that Dream looks in full detail.

Only when it's late at night does George let himself indulge in the more immoral thoughts, his hands on his chest right underneath the pooling the material of his hoodie, body drowning in fabric and skin heating up under his own featherlight touch. Sometimes he'll sit on his bed, load the photo up on his phone instead while he pushes a pillow between his legs and holds his hoodie up past his hips when he grinds down against it, relieving pressure without needing to touch himself and make everything feel that much more real.

Although he's never done anything completely irreversible, George can still feel himself start to slip hopelessly into a small pit that tells him maybe Dream isn't just a friend.

He's okay with that though—at least he thinks he is, because developing a crush on Dream was always inevitable; with the way that they're going George would be more surprised if they didn't end up together, maybe in some unspoken bond that they don't really clarify, or maybe even as something fully defined, George thinks that he could be satisfied by either.

In person Dream's own acceptance is far more obvious too, he's touchy, speaks quiet when he only wants George to hear, and even if he does like to stir things up every once in a while, he never does it to mess with George directly, Dream's good like that.

So George doesn't feel guilty when he thinks of Dream in situations that might never happen, because they're Dream and George, it's inevitable. Still, he doesn't exactly want to be caught while doing it.

"What are you staring at?"

It's almost instant, the way that George's head spins and his fingers click to the mouse, closing the tab he had open immediately as he turns his chair to meet Dream's eye.

"Huh?" George questions, the oblivious act failing completely when Dream cocks his head to one side and asks nothing. "Oh, it's not important."

"Sure," Dream says. He's leaning against George's door, inviting himself in because he knows he's always welcome, and even his posture makes George swoon, the way dirty blond hair can fall in one swoop over his forehead, the way his chin angles down and his eyes burn holes through George's skin, pressured but still light. "Open the tab again."

"Why?" He's trying not to feel too embarrassed, telling himself that he's not actually doing anything weird even though he's sitting by his desk with his knees pressed to his chest, acting as though he hasn't been looking at a picture of Dream's thighs for the past half hour.

Dream's eyes meet his, no disgust in his glare when he offers an almost smile and says, "Because I want to know what you were staring at."

George raises an eyebrow, the movement almost challenging when he just barely shakes his head. "It's nothing interesting," he lies, hoping that Dream won't question him further because George is bound to break, and it's almost pathetic that the only thing that Dream needs to do is pretend to leave the room before George is taking his words back and muttering, "Fine," under his breath.

The feeling in his stomach is gripping, it tugs at his veins and makes him inhale sharply before turning back to his monitor and pinning the picture back, because even if in his mind this is bold, to Dream is might not be, it could just be the same petty act that they've been rehearsing through each

and every one of their conversations.

“Why do you have a picture of me up?” Dream asks, not judging, just curious.

“I was looking at it?” George shrugs.

He’s not tense because he doesn’t have to be, but something still manages to make his shoulders lie stiff when Dream’s legs cross slightly, one in front of the other as he stands. The motion drags George’s gaze down, forces his attention back to somewhere dangerous, and he should really stop thinking about Dream’s thighs or else he’s going to end up blurting out something preposterous.

Dream probably sees right through him. “Why?”

“I was figuring out how I felt about it,” George says, holding truth away from his chest.

And it’s just how George thought it’d be—Dream not questioning his thought process and instead feeding into it with the same sort of mellowed tone. “What’s your conclusion?”

“It’s a good photo.”

“Yeah.”

“I..” George breathes softly, letting air form the words in his throat. “I like the pants, they look good on you.”

Dream raises an eyebrow. “Is that it?”

He’s not really asking, it’s more like he knows that George isn’t telling him everything and just wants to know why, but surely the lust that George hasn’t really been holding back is visible anyway. There’s a long pause, maybe enough time for an answer to form in the back of George’s mind, keep him safe while also pushing a boundary into something more but despite it all, George doesn’t answer.

Unfortunately, Dream can read him like a book—see through the way that George’s eyes flick down and his head turns swiftly to the side, angled away from everything with a sharp line that can’t slice through the tension in his own posture.

“So it’s not just the pants?” Dream pries slowly, treading carefully like if he speaks his words too loud they’ll shatter under the pressure.

It’d be useless to stay quiet, George’s response isn’t witty or strong but it’s so clearly written on his face, and with someone like Dream, keeping information to himself is always the worst option. It all comes out eventually.

So George repeats Dream’s statement, voice soft and lined with something foreign. “It’s not just the pants.”

“Oh,” Dream mutters, “Is it me?”

“Maybe.”

If something shifts then George doesn’t pay enough attention to notice it. He smiles to himself, spares a glance towards Dream as if he’s grown three heads and then stares back down at his hands, watching the way his fingers curl together in his lap.

“You’re pretty when you do that,” Dream mumbles, quiet but not entirely to himself, and George

looks up with confusion evident on his brow.

“Do what?” He asks.

The edge to George’s tone is obvious, he’s almost asking if Dream is ready to dive past the unspoken words and dip into something new, and with the way that Dream smiles, George can’t even prepare himself for the crash.

“Look down,” Dream explains. “Act shy.”

“I don’t act shy,” George dismisses. It’s not shyness, it’s caution.

And despite it all, Dream manages to keep the coy smile on his lips the whole time. “Okay,” he says, a tone that should warn George that there’s something to come, but for some reason he’s too engaged in his own thoughts to really care. “I’ll talk to you later.”

The door closes behind him, clicking quietly into place and leaving George back by himself, and in all honesty he doesn't quite know what just happened but he’s not going to question it. Bold and incriminating, the photo sits in full on George’s screen, a humiliating reminder that doesn’t seem to go away, and at this point, George doesn’t know if he should close it or just delete it altogether.

In the end he keeps it in his files, making sure to not have it open for longer than it needs to be as he burns red with bright embarrassment over the whole situation, and his palm is sitting flat on his stomach, stretched over the cold expanse of his skin as he does it all.

He’s scared in a way: of what’s to come, of what won't, if the conversation that he and Dream have will be any different now that they’re closer to not-just-friends than they ever have been. But even if he’s afraid, there’s no way that George will let it show, because he’ll never initiate anything, he’s been bold enough, it’s up to Dream to figure out the rest.

~

George doesn’t quite know what he was expecting when he walked into the living room the next day, but it certainly wasn’t this.

It’s almost a normal picture, Dream sitting in his usual spot at the usual time, with the same expression on his face that he wears every single day, but there’s one thing different—he’s wearing the pants.

They’re black, tight on his legs, and George can’t force his gaze away for long enough to meet Dream’s eyes again. He must be staring, in fact he knows he is, but the knowledge isn’t enough to get him to stop, because by now he’s far too confused about why Dream has decided to finally wear them after so long.

It must be to tease him, that’s what George figures, but it’s still slightly weird, because if it’s not then this is a bold move, especially coming from Dream, although George doesn’t think he half minds it.

“Hey George.” Dream’s voice is low, he’s almost teasing with his tone, sounding dangerous even to George’s usually unsuspecting ears.

His legs are slightly apart, feet flat on the ground even with the small bump of height that his shoes add, making his knees raise a little and the material of his pants stretch even more. He looks dressed to go out, ready and waiting for someone to come and pick him up, but George knows better—he knows that this is something far more.

“Hi,” George says, quiet, impossibly careful. “What are you doing?”

“Waiting.”

George doesn’t think he wants to know. “For who?” He asks anyway, just because he likes to hurt.

Dream smiles. “You.”

“Why?” George asks.

There’s a hand on Dream’s thigh, four fingers tapping against the material of the cargo pants and drawing George’s eye down even further. He almost feels bad for looking, as though he’s doing something dirty, but the periphery of Dream’s smile tells him not to worry about it—this is something he wants too.

“Do you like the outfit?” Dream questions, a small tilt to his voice when he peers past George’s eyes and gazes into his thoughts, asking the only thing that he knows the answer to.

George is almost static, stuck in place and unsure on how to respond, but then slowly he nods, letting Dream’s open gesture guide him forwards so he’s standing next to the couch dumbly.

“Take a seat then.”

For a moment, George thinks that Dream is joking, but when he looks down at the coy expression that he wears he can tell that it’s not a joke at all. When Dream shifts, the material of the pants stretches even more, pulling tighter around his thighs if it’s even possible, and when George doesn’t make the first move, stands unsure by the side of the couch and debates to himself whether or not this is something that they should be doing, two large hands come to rest just on top of his waist, warm and commanding as they steer him down so that he’s sitting awkwardly on Dream’s knee, one leg slotted between the others.

“What are you—”

“You like me,” Dream starts, managing to cut him off completely. “Right George?”

At this point it’d be useless to deny anything, they’ve both known for far longer than they’re letting on, and George hasn’t exactly been discreet with his staring.

“Yeah,” he mumbles, trying to adjust on Dream’s lap to get more comfortable, and George is trying his best not to say anything too outlandish but the words are plastered over his face anyway.

“Cool.” Dream’s hold on his hips doesn’t loosen, in fact it seems to drag George down even further, relentlessly pushing until he has no choice but to melt into the touch and let himself be propped up.

It’s a weird feeling, George definitely isn’t hard but he’s still in Dream’s lap, straddling his thigh while Dream wears probably the tightest pair of pants that he actually owns. And that would do something for anyone, not just George, so the cloud in his head only seems justifiable.

“What are we doing?” George whispers, slurred slightly but not enough to be picked up on.

But Dream still catches the hesitation, he smiles, a meek, almost fragile look that's so out of place with the way he's been acting. "We don't have to put a name on it," he says eventually, looking at George as though he holds the entire world. "We don't even have to talk about what it means."

George isn't even sure if that's what he wants, maybe he's sick of not talking about anything, only rolling through their conversations with the small idea that Dream likes him too, maybe George doesn't want to do that anymore, but right now he's not sure how to say that, so instead he nods, feeling Dream's knee push up even more so it's placed firmly between his legs and George has to grab onto his shoulders to keep stable.

"Are we having sex?" George asks dumbly.

A hum trips gracefully from Dream's lips, a nod appearing for a second before he stops and shakes his head. "Maybe," he mumbles, "But I kind of thought you could ride my thigh instead."

George's brain almost stop working, his mouth hangs agape, eyes so wide they can see for miles, and sure perhaps that's what he's been thinking about late at night, wondering how he could grind down onto Dream's thigh and rut up against him while he's gripping onto his biceps and trying not to gasp out with the humiliation of being watched, but why would Dream know that—George isn't that much of an open book, is he?

Well this is Dream he's talking about, and George might not have even fully admitted it to himself but Dream can definitely see the way that George's eyes go hazy when he stares at the way Dream's thighs look in those black pants and watches the way he slouches slightly and his frame towers over. It's not stupid to assume that Dream figured out George's deepest fantasy from one glance alone, and George doesn't know if he should be embarrassed or impressed.

"Oh," George mumbles, more to himself than anything, and at the admission Dream's eyes glaze with apprehension, almost as though he's scared he's done something wrong.

"You don't have to," Dream rushes to say. "I just thought it might be hot."

"I want to," George says, staring up to meet Dream's eyes.

A hand settles around the back of George's neck, moved from his hip to rub over the place where his spine meets the taller stretch, and before George can even realise what's going on he's being dragged forwards so that his face is impossibly close to Dream's.

"Can I?" Dream asks, ever the gentleman even though George is already sitting proud on his lap.

George doesn't even think to respond, instead leaning forwards to let his lips brush over Dream's—a light touch, scarce, barely even there, but George will never be able to forget the feeling. The same hand that's on his neck guides him forward even more, pushing them closer together so the kiss has no choice but to start again, rushed and heated as though they'll never have this opportunity a second time.

It's messy and dirty but George savours every second. He revels in the way that Dream breathes against him, making it his only goal to hear that sound anew. He can feel the hand still on his hip as it starts to twist around, running up his shirt so it can rub over his bare skin enough to make George flinch. Dream's fingers are cold, almost burning when they trace over the non-existent line of George's abs, and he may jump once but the way he warms against the lines makes everything else feel hazy.

It's almost embarrassing how quickly George gets hard, a few mere touches going a long way as he

sits up slightly and cups Dream's cheeks between his hands to keep their lips together. Three fingers tease the waistband of his sweatpants, dipping in slightly when George makes a soft hum of acknowledgement, and they move with the ball of Dream's hand to palm George through his underwear and make him moan into Dream's mouth.

"Why'd you stop?" George whines when Dream pulls away, sitting back slightly so he can look the other in the eye, the view of red bitten lips so clearly plastered in front of him.

"You're riding my thigh," Dream says as though it's obvious. "Didn't want to work you up too much."

George almost breaks, his head falling down against Dream's shoulder to hide the blushed, disappointed expression. He's *already* worked up, a singular coil in his stomach that's twisting and making him feel far too displaced, and the feeling of Dream's thigh between his legs is almost enough already. He can feel it pressing against him, making his hips move forward of their own accord as he tries to find friction. And his hips roll forwards slowly, testing the waters as he tries to make it all feel better.

"There you go," Dream mumbles, leaning back to give himself a clearer view of the boy on his lap. "Just keep doing that."

The tone that Dream uses causes George to burn red, it's weak, almost as though he's dismissing George without a second thought, telling him a small order and not even thinking he has to use much force to get George to do exactly as he's told. And even though it's humiliating and slightly awful for George to admit, George thinks he likes the sentiment.

It's hard to get too much friction, there are far too many layers between them for George to find both a comfortable and easy angle to maintain, and he finds that out far too quickly, especially when one roll of his hips becomes two and then he's rutting pathetically against Dream's leg.

Thankfully, Dream is the one to point it out.

"Get up," he says, pushing his knee higher to practically force George off of his lap. And when he does stumble to his feet, standing in front of Dream with his head down so that only the floor can see his face, Dream cocks his head and gestures loosely to George's pants. "Take them off."

George half wants to say no, see if Dream would do it for him instead, but he's already painfully hard and wanting to get on with it, so he tugs the waistband of his pants down and to his knees before kicking them off to the side, watching Dream's false unbothered gaze before peeling his shirt off too.

He's left in just his underwear, feeling more exposed than anything when Dream doesn't do anything except stare—his eyes sweeping over the long planes of George's chest the same way that George had been staring at Dream's thighs just before.

"Those too," Dream says, tone flat. He's trying to seem calm but George can hear the way the last syllable shakes, attraction mixed with something more.

George hesitates for half a second, debating wrapping an arm around his chest so he doesn't feel so exposed, but in the end it's useless because he strips anyway, feeling his cock spring up just to show off how painfully hard he is.

"Fuck," Dream mutters, watching every movement that George makes. "You're hot."

"Thanks," George mumbles, just because he doesn't know what else to say.

He doesn't have to be told to take his place in Dream's lap again, this time feeling his skin tint pink when he notices just how vulnerable he is next to Dream, completely naked and defenceless while Dream remains fully clothed and doesn't even attempt to take anything off.

At first he wonders if he should point it out, speak what he knows when he feels the material of Dream's cargo pants against his bare skin, but he also knows that this wasn't just a coincidence, if Dream wanted to be naked too then he would be.

Two large hands go back to George's hips, holding him there while he tries not to get too in his own head about the whole thing, and the cargo pants that Dream is wearing still manage to make George spin and fall away from himself. He can barely believe that this is real, that he's on his best friend's lap completely naked while he gets himself off, but it's happening and George has to get over that thought.

Dream is the one that guides him now, he pulls George's hips forward so that his cock can push against Dream's stomach and they're pushed closer than they were before. It's more than anything George could have imagined, a completely surrounding feeling that he's never really felt before. It's different to just having sex and it's different to the teenage spells he's used to having, but he enjoys it just the same (maybe even more), feeling the pleasure creep into his system before he can do anything to hold it back.

"Fuck," he mumbles, forehead on Dream's shoulders. He's rolling his hips down, feeling his chest tighten as he gets closer and closer,

He can see how hard Dream is too, the tent in his pants managing to poke up next to George's own thigh. Cautiously, he reaches one hand down to press against it, feeling Dream buck his hips up and gasp when he starts to palm him properly. Even if he's the only one naked, George isn't just going to let Dream get nothing in return, and he's sure that the other is getting off on the sight of him red with shame and naked while riding Dream's thigh.

It's not how George had expected his day to go, but he can hardly complain. He moves to wrap a hand around his cock, noting Dream's slight look but not being stopped, and his grip is tight when he tugs away from himself then twists the grip down to drag himself closer to the brink of orgasm.

He's letting out breathy sounds, moaning quietly into the crook of Dream's neck. And Dream seems to be doing his best to not make the same noises now that George is paying attention and moving his hand against Dream's clothed cock to relieve some of that pressure too. He palms Dream through the cargo pants, using the heel of his hand to press down hard and make Dream gasp—and Dream is hard, he's biting his lip and pushing up against the touch, and all it does is make the thigh between George's legs shake even more.

Maybe it's embarrassing how quickly George gets close, but he can't stop himself from reaching breaking point when Dream tugs him closer, batting his hand away from George's cock and replacing it with his own.

"*Dream*," George whines, wide eyed at the sudden touch. He lets out a loud whine, barely able to muffle the sound against the other's skin.

"God," Dream mumbles, "You sound so pretty."

"Shut up," George mewls.

"No," Dream says, so definitive that George can't find it in himself to argue. "You deserve to know how pretty you sound right now. Practically crying just from riding my thigh like a bitch."

George wants to hide his face even more. He's whining, making small sounds that he'd never usually make, and it's so much—the pleasure so deafening that George doesn't know how long he can last anymore. Dream's grip feels so much better than his own, it's tight enough to make George's mind go blank, and so expertly used that he can hardly believe that he's never given himself the option to do this before.

"Are you close?" Dream asks, staring at George with lust filled eyes.

"Yeah," George chokes. His hips move faster, chasing the feeling of Dream's hand while trying to keep the friction he's getting from rutting against his leg.

His tone is filled with embarrassment, eyes tearing up as he gets closer, pleasure curling in the pit of his stomach, and when he finally reaches the his whole vision seems to shake. The world goes dark, the only constant thing being the way that Dream's strokes don't stop, their intent to drive George into oversensitivity working far too easily as he cums hard over Dream's fist, spilling over them both with a pathetic cry of Dream's name.

"*Dream*," George whimpers, pushing Dream's hand away from him. "Dream, fuck."

George's hips buck up, he gasps and whimpers and rides out the high, and out of the corner of his eye he can see one of Dream's hands move to unbutton the cargo pants and dip into his underwear so he can get himself off too.

A part of George feels dirty, Dream's hand is sticky with his cum and some of it managed to be wiped off on George's bare chest, and even though he's trying to be discreet, George's gaze follows the way that Dream jerks himself off. It barely lasts another minute, Dream gasping for air, and groaning hard with George's name on his tongue, but George still savours every single moment.

He's tired, slumped against Dream with watery eyes. The sound of Dream cooing in his ear is what really brings him back, and George half wonders if now is when they're meant to have that conversation.

It doesn't happen. Neither of them really say anything, and for a moment George wonders if this is the end of them. But it's not—they may not talk but Dream will always still give him what he needs. He brushes a stray hair out of George's eyes, cupping his face in his dirty hand and smiling softly.

"Come on," Dream whispers, "Let's get cleaned up."

And George nods. He wears a smile that's nothing but real and lets himself be propped up against Dream's fully clothed body. Maybe they won't talk today, maybe they never will, George thinks he'll be fine either way.

End Notes

comments/kudos are all so so appreciated

also gonna promo my [multichap](#) here because im shameless and think you should read it, its 4/10 chapters atm and being updated this week, also its a best friends brother au ,,

[twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!